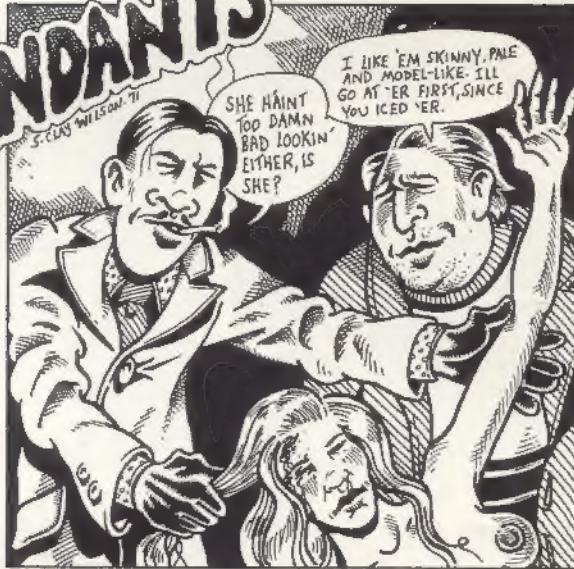


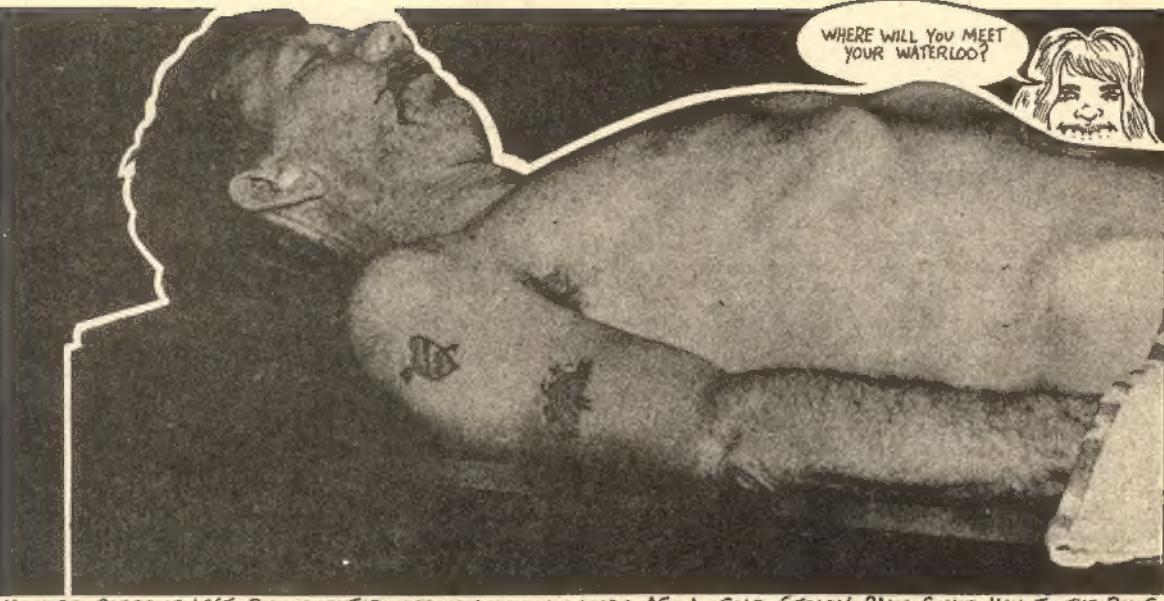
BENT



PENDANTS

S. CLAS WILSON '71





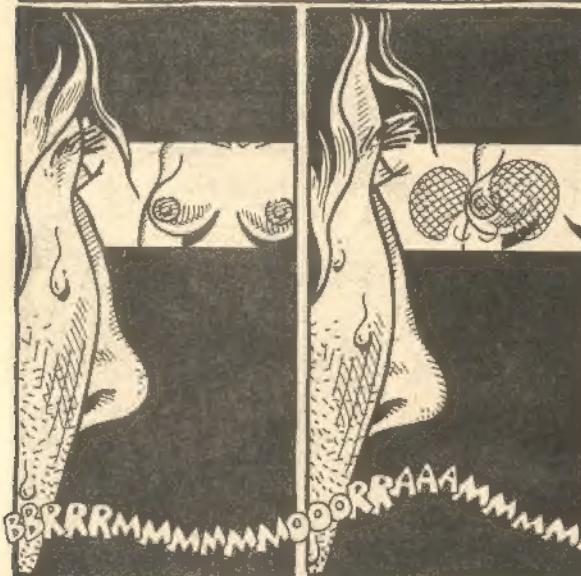
HOWARD RIGGS IS LOST. RUNNING THROUGH UNKNOWN WOODS AS A COLD STEADY RAIN SOAKS HIM TO THE BONE.

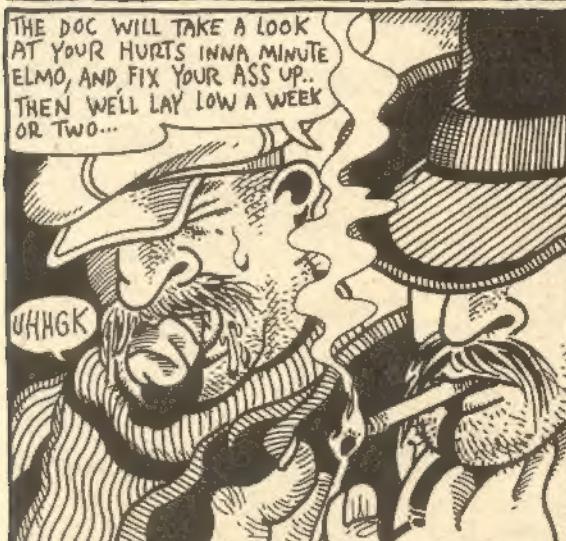


HOWARD RACED TO THE FRONT DOOR AND POUNDED. A LADY ANSWERED.



A BIT LATER, HOWARD HAD FINISHED HIS TEA AND OUT HE WENT. HE AWOKE, FINDING HIMSELF IN THE NORMAL MACHINE...





SINCE YOU ASKED ABOUT MY FRIEND, LET
ME ASK YA THIS, WHATS WITH YOUR
FRIEND?

BAHHHH YAAA

YAHH

HE'S MY HUNCHBACK AND
TRIES IN HIS OWN WAY
TO REPEAT EVERYTHIN'
I SAY.. HUH HUNCH?

HUH
HUMCH-
HUK

ARE YOU WAITIN'
FOR THE DOCTOR
TOO?

YES, MY
HUNCHBACK
NEEDS A SHOT
NUDS ZA SHOD

BIZZT
SPAT

AN ODD
RELATIONSHIP...

WHO'S NEXT OUT HERE,
MAKE IT SNAPPY 'CAUSE
THEM HIGH POWER
OPERATION LIGHTS COST
LOTS OF MONEY TO RUN.

MY FRIEND
HERE...
LET'S GO
ELMO

LURRFFF

WHAT ABOUT MY HUNCHBACK'S SHOT, DOC?
WAIT YOUR
TURN **SLUT!**

PUSH

HUNCHBACK'S
SHOD DOG

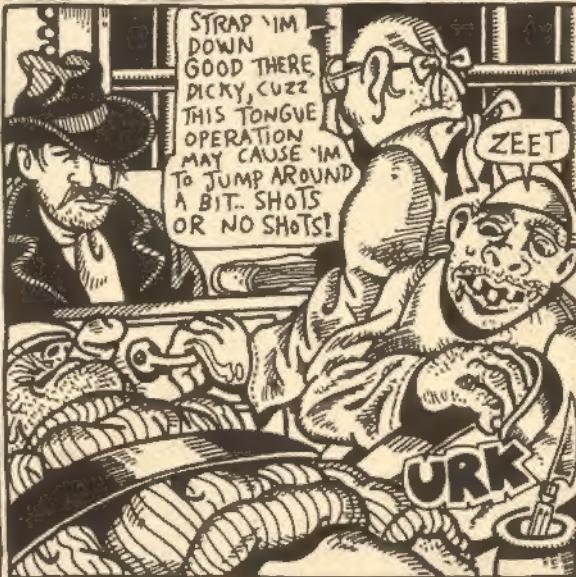
GO IN AND
SIT DOWN
ELMO

ALRIGHT, WHAT SEEMS TO
BE YOUR FRIEND'S PAIN
HERE.. SPEAK UP. I'M
A BUSY MAN...

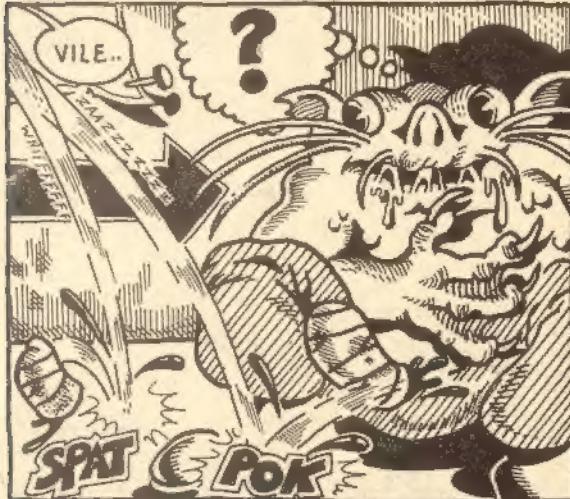
HE CAUGHT
TWO SLUGS
DOC, ONE IN
THE TONGUE
THE OTHER
IN THE
THUMB.

ITCH
SCRATCH

THATS THE SHITS! ALRIGHT, WELL FIX THE POOR LAD RIGHT UP.. DICKY, SHOOT 'IM FULL OF PAIN KILLER DOPE!



THE SEVERED PARTS DROPPED TO THE FLOOR
WHERE THE SCAVENGER DEMON SQUATTED....



IN CAME THE CHECKERED DEMON AS THE THUMB WAS ATE.

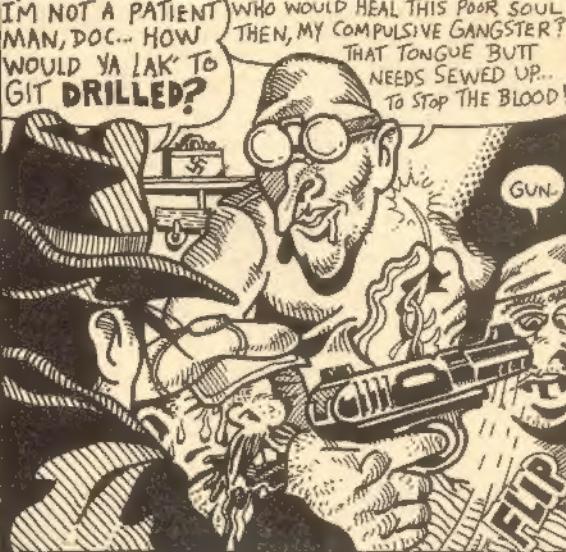


ALRAT- DOC, CUT THE SHIT AND
FIX UP MY BUDDY..WE GOT
ANOTHER CAPER TO PULL...
MAKE IT SNAPPY!

THE SHIT
HAS BEEN
CUT.. BE
PATIENT,
TILL WE'RE
DONE WITH
THE PATIENT

WHO WOULD HEAL THIS POOR SOUL
MAN, DOC... HOW
WOULD YA LAK' TO
GIT DRILLED?

THEN, MY COMPULSIVE GANGSTER?
THAT TONGUE BUTT
NEEDS SEWED UP...
TO STOP THE BLOOD!



HMMMM NOW I MUST REPAIR DICKY AS WELL AS THIS TONGUELESS MOBSTER WHILE THE TRIGGER HAPPY SAP IS OUT ON THE FLOOR...

THIS BLOOD... CHRIST...

AHHHHHK
AHHHHHHKG

BRAZZ

SHIT FIRE. A PROBLEM PERHAPS I CAN FIX BOTH BLOODY MAWS IN ONE OPERATION

SUDDENLY, THE GIRL AND HER AILING HUNCHBACK ENTERED

ALRIGHT DOC, WHATS THE SCOOP?? ME AND MY HUNCHBACK HAVE BEEN WAITIN' A LONG TIME.

SCOOP? I SUPPOSE IT IS YOUR TURN. WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE WITH THE POOR UD?

UH LOG TUM

AWRAT.. GIT ON THIS STEEL TABLE HUNCH, AND YOU WITH THE TONGUE PROBLEM, GET UP AND ILL GET TO YA' IN A MINUTE..

KEEP THE COTTON IN DICKY.

FLAP

THE OTHER GANGSTER THEN SPRANG TO HIS FEET...

NOT SO FAST QUACK HOW 'BOUT MY PAL ELMO? THAT HUNCHBACK CREEP CAN WAIT

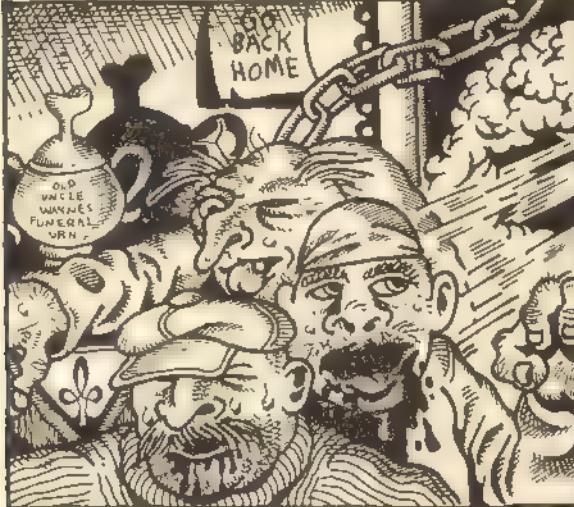
COLAUK

I DONT THINK SO JACK!

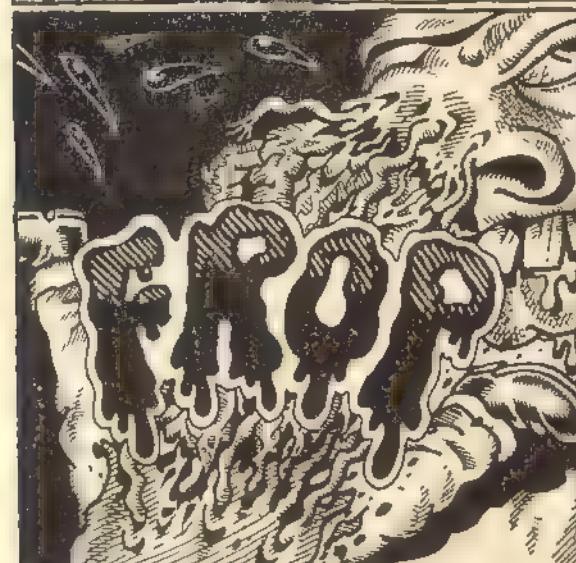
NUK

POMP

THINGS WERE GETTING WORSE INSTEAD OF BETTER,
SO DICKY, ELMO, AND THE HUNCHBACK CUT OUT....



BEING DESPERATE, DICKY, ELMO, AND THE HUNCHBACK
DOVE INTO BIG HULKING CRUNCH, TO DO HIM IN...



THE NOSE DEMON THEN WHIRLED AND BLASTED CRUNCH. THE OTHER GANGSTER WAS AWAKENED BY THE GUN-FIRE ..

DONT GET TOO
SMUG CRUNCH YUK

BRAP A P

NNNGGG THE RATTLE
OF A TOMMY GUN... GNKK
MY HEAD'S THROBBIN' AND
MY GUT ACHES.. WHATS BEEN
GOIN' ON.. NNGGKK

BRAT AKKA

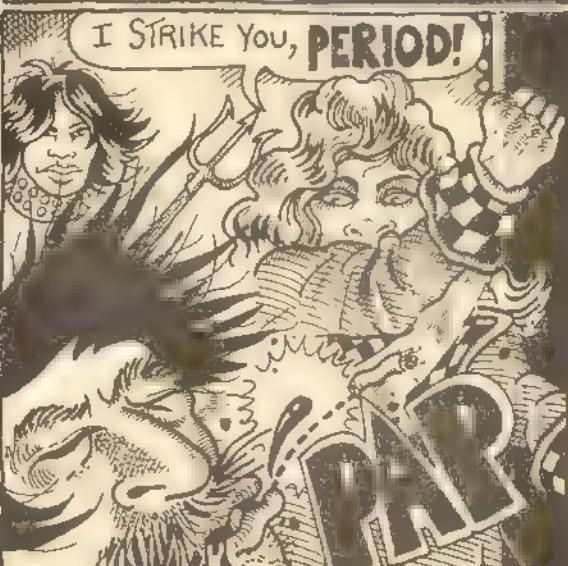
GET UP SCUM

SHIT FIRE,
ANOTHER
BUNCHA'
WACKOS

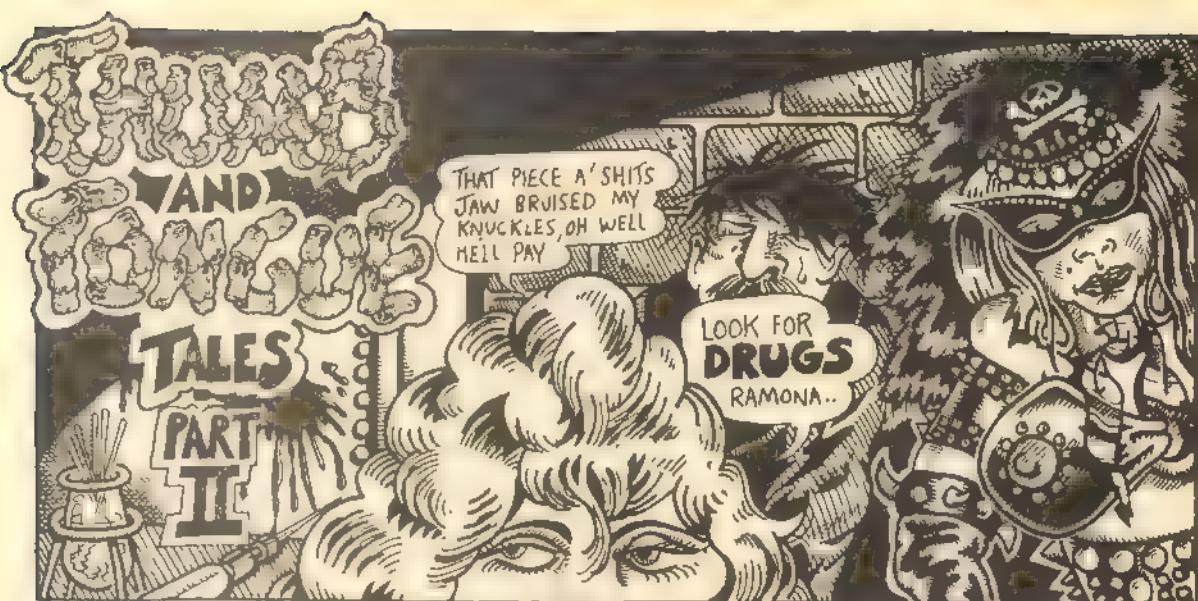
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF
FLOTSAM.. MY NAME IS ROSEY NAMROOTH, THE
CAPTAIN OF THIS CREW AND
YOU ARE TO BE
INCLUDED IN OUR
NEW COLLECTION
OF SLAVES!

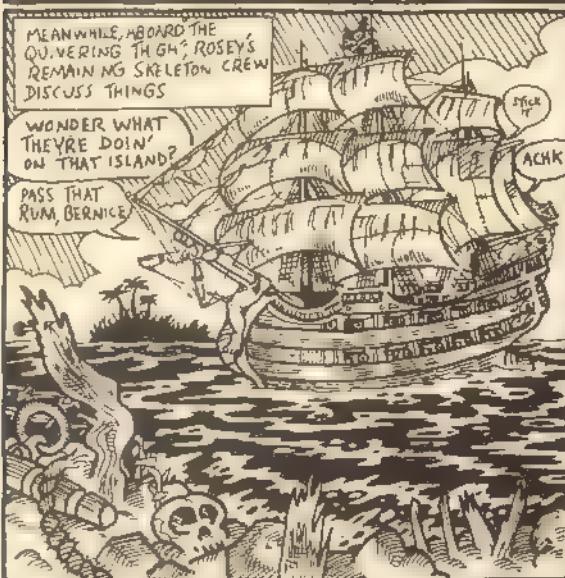
YOU STRIKE ME
AS BEING A
MEAN BITCH,
LADY...

I STRIKE YOU, PERIOD!









MEANWHILE, THE GANGSTER, DOC, AND GIRL ARE MARCHED TO THE SHIP.



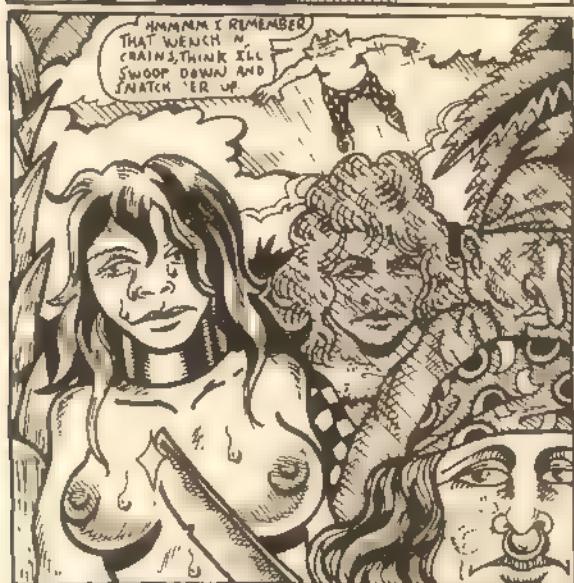
A MILLION MILES AWAY, THE CHECKERED DEMON
SITS, EXAMINING HIS HANDS AND MUMBLED.

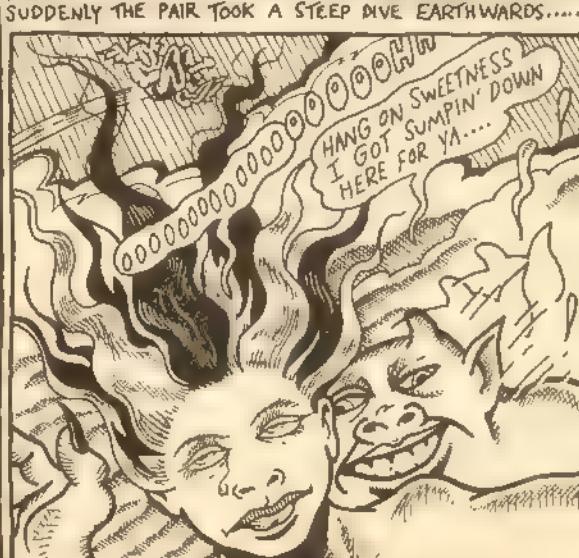
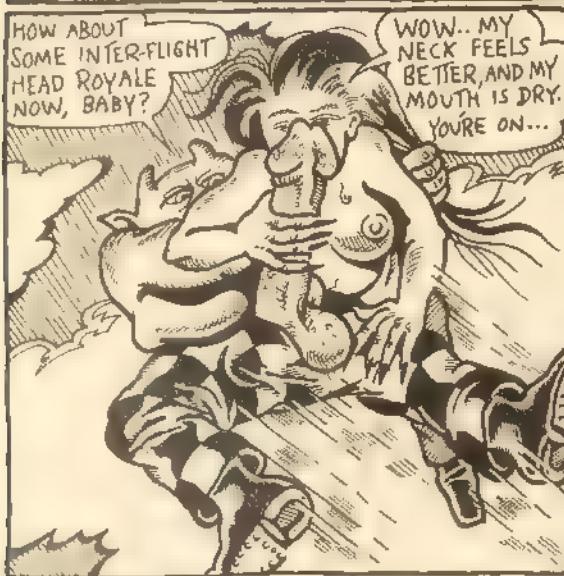


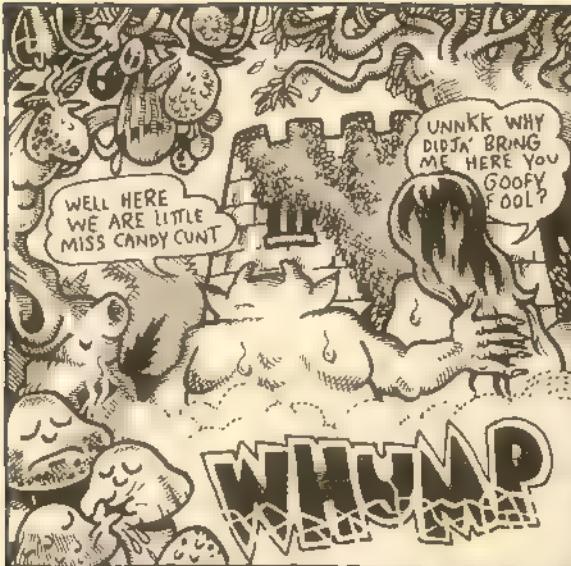
BACK AT THE CAPTIVES, CAPTAIN ROSEY FONDLES THE GIRL'S TITS..LISTENING TO HER CREW'S ADVICE.



THE CHECKERED DEMON BOLTS THROUGH A WINDOW.



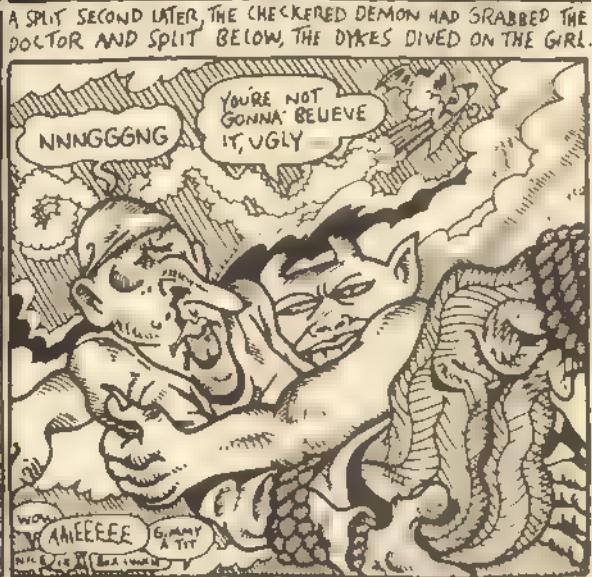




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THE CHECKERED DEMON FLEW BACK TO ROSEY'S SHIP.



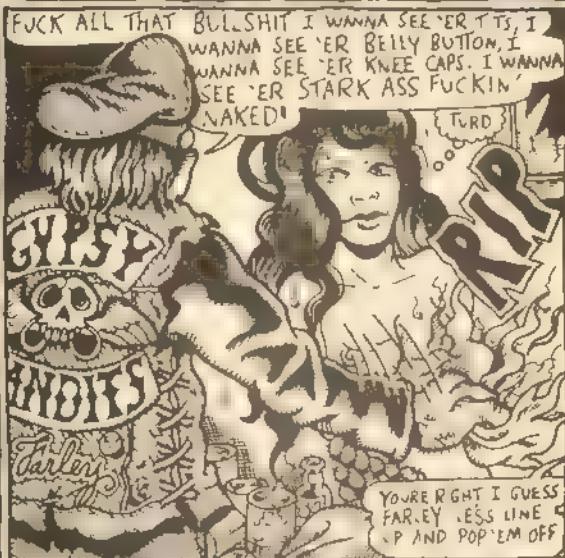
FAR AWAY, AT THE DOC'S CASTE TWO GRAVE DIGGERS PREPARE TO BURY PREVIOUSLY DECEASED CHARACTERS, ALREADY STARTING TO STINK.



STAR-EYED STELLA



STAR-EYED STELLA IS CAPTURED BY THE GYPSY BANDITS



AS THIS WENT ON MICRO-MONK STROLLED ALONG ON STELLA'S STOOL



ALRIGHT, HOLD 'ER DOWN,
KEEP 'EM SPREAD AND I'LL
PUT THE PORK TO 'ER...

'HOW ODD,
SOMETHIN' IS
TICKLIN'
MY CUNT'

FARLEY'S ROD ENTERED STELLA'S ZOSH, UPSETTING MICRO-MONK.

I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND ANY PLACE TO
RELAY WITHOUT INTERRUPTION....
WHATS THIS CREATURE? OH WELL, I'LL JUST
JAB IT THROUGH THE HEAD REAL HARD WITH
MY WALKING STICK...

NUDGE

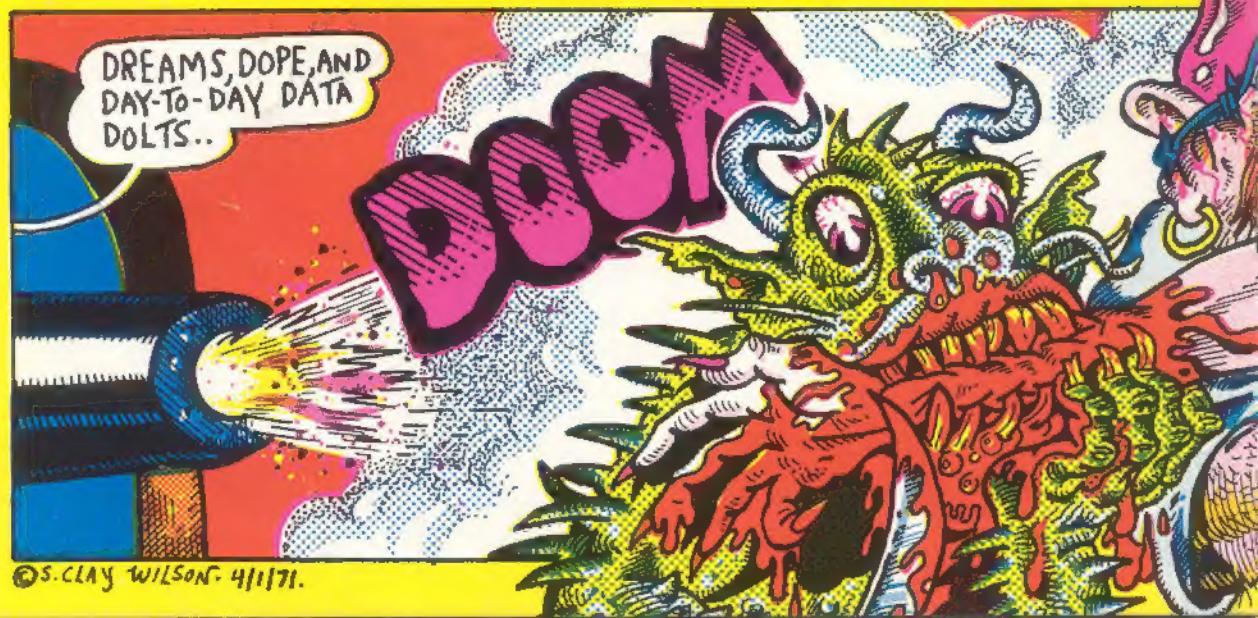
AND IT HURT...





AFTER A WHILE BERNICE'S EYES ROLLED OUT OF SIGHT AND HER CHEEKS SWELLER THEN SUDDENLY SHE STARTED SPITTING NAILS INTO THE WALL.







Bent

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Comments:

Says "© S. Clay Wilson 4/1/71" on the bottom left of the back cover.